

432

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EPILOGUE  
TO  
Her Royal Highness,  
On Her RETURN from  
SCOTLAND.

*At ye Dukcs theater at Venice preserv'd &c*

*Acted. 31 May. 1682.*

Written by Mr. O T W A Y.

*1 Juno. 1682.*

ALL you, who this Day's Jubilee attend,  
And every Loyal Muscs Loyal Friend;  
That come to treat your longing wishes here,  
Turn your desiring Eyes and feast 'em, there.  
Thus falling on your Knees with me implore,  
May this poor Land ne'er lose that Presence more:  
But if there any in this Circle be,  
That come so curst to envy what they see:  
From the vain Fool that would be great too soon,  
To the dull Knave that writ the last Lampoon!  
Let such, as Victims to that Beautie's Fame,  
Hang their vile blasted Heads, and Dye with shame.  
Our mighty Blessing is at last return'd,  
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:  
From whom our present peace we expect increas't,  
And all our future Generations blest:  
Time have a Care: bring safe the hour of joy  
When some blest Tongue proclaims a Royal Boy:  
And when 'tis born, let Nature's hand be strong;  
Bless him with days of strength and make 'em long;  
Till charg'd with honors we behold him stand,  
Three Kingdoms Banners waiting his Command,  
His Father's Conquering Sword within his Hand:  
Then th' English Lions in the Air advance,  
And with them roaring Musick to the Dance,  
Carry a *Quo Warranto* into France.

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7

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